Thou maiſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stewd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leiſure
Of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my heart,
Hiſterica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle ſir within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. If thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among a hundred, but can ſmell him that's ſtincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wi
mine againe, I wou
foole giues it.

That Sir
And follow
Will packe
And leaue
But I will
And let th
The knaue
The foole

Kent. Where learn
Foole. Not in the ſ

Lear. Deny to ſpea
They traueld hard to
I the images of reuol
Fetch me a better anſ
Gloſt. My deare Lor
how vnremoueable a
Lear. Veangeance
ty; why *Gloceſter*, *Glo*
wall, and his wife.
Gloſt. I my good L
Lear. The King wo
Would with his dau
Fiery Duke, tell the h
No but not yet, may
Infirmity doth ſtill ne
Is bound, we are not
Commands the mind
And am fallen out wi
To take the indiſpoſe
Death on my ſtate, wh
This acte perſwades